ERNEST RENAN.

A SMALL VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES.

ERNEST RENAN. In Memoriam. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G. C. S. L. F. R. S. Pp. 320. Macmillan & Co.

"Ernest Renan was fond of dwelling on the fact that in him, for the first time, many generations of humble and unlettered, but not angifted people found at length a voice and an interpreter. This is, perhaps, the most significant sentence in the book above cited. For the book, looked on as s biography of the man who is its theme, would be little short of grotesque. It is a compromise between personal reminiscence and literary review, and its value lies in the fact that it is a contribution by an important witness, a man of the world, to the material for a biography that should be written.

But the sentence quoted is worthy of study. It expresses a sentiment which seems to have been habitual with Renan, and yet one to which not even he, much less his admirers, gave its full No man was more thorougaly permeated with the scientific spirit than Renan. But he dwelt upon a fact in which lay the germ of a satisfactory theory of his tendencies as a man of genius, without attempting-so far as one can tell rom the evidence in hand-to work out the prob-The thought was for him a source of legitimate pride, a flash of justifiable, nay praiseworthy egotism: it furnished a reason more nearly adequate than mere literary achievement for the position in the world to which he had attained. But it is not sure that he ever considered how impossible his views of the subjects he treated would have been to a man without his antecedents. He was the voice of a race that had long been dumb. But it must be clear that the voice was that of a personality broader and mere complex than the individual man. That is to say, the "History of the People of Israel" could never have been written by any man who was not a Celt, and more narrowly, a Breton. Renan's experience as a youth is of transcendant importance in accounting for the substance of his thought. His later learning merely explains the means by which that thought obtained expression. There have been many Oriental scholars in Europe; the pupils of St. Nicolas du Chardonet. of the Seminary of Issy, of Saint Sulpice, were not few. The environment of these was practically the same. Presumably, Renan should have been moulded like the rest to the traditions of which his education must largely have consisted. How did it happen, then, that he emerged from all this systematic training capable of taking a view of antique things and of antique men true, if not to history, to the most vital facts of human nature? For he was not exceptional nor eccentric in his learning. His theories were by no means in every case highly original. Others long before him, for example, had explained the Song of Songs as a wedding drama. The touch of originality in his explanation of that curious poem was the suggestion that it expressed the hatred of the rustic northern Israelites against the culture and luxury of Solomon. The hint is one that gives life and vividness and modern human interest, not only to the poem itself, but to everything that has been written about it. One need not accept the opinion as historically correct to feel how true it is to the universal habits of humanity.

As a Celt, Renan was heir to a primitivism that might have shaken hands with primeval Israel, a primitivism which has yielded only inch by inch to encreaching civilization. He could therefore come nearer than most people to thinking the thoughts of early man. Other men of great childhood by an artificial culture. They can only get down to the deeper, more natural life that binds our natural perceptions like a mummywith the legendary spirit and with primitive superstition, the question is how he escaped being dominated by it. There are those who will find an easy explanation in what the author of full of their dreamy, unpractical fantasies, and died in a very melancholy way, while his famous son was still a child. His wife was of mixed parentage, her mother having Gascon blood, and solidity of judgment and a courageous gayety which were very foreign to her husband's na-

be an obvious remark to say that Renan obtained his capacity for comprehending superstition from his father and his practical tendency for interpreting it from his mother. But the theory of heredity is cheap and easy, and it is worth just about what it costs. May it not be that in Renan the distrustful shrewdness of the peasant was elevated to a trait of genius? For the unlettered, the so-called primitive, man does not believe all he hears. He does not confide in his own superstitions. He may seem to do it, but his real attitude is that of one who wishes to be on the safe side. "It is possible, he seems to say to himself, that there is something in all these stories that I have heard. There is in me a sort of thrill at the sound of them which it may be worth while to consider. This sort of scepticism is silent. It meditates always within a given But add learning to it and there is nothing in the universe which it will not scan with a keenness of vision and a vigilance of distrust to which the heir of an artificial civilization is an utter stranger. The characteristics of the latter have been summed up indirectly in two or three vigorous sentences by Renan himself, speaking of two famous men. "In reality Don Calmet and Voltaire," says he, "are the one as incapable as the other of understanding anything about ancient history, the one admitting everything that is written, the other rejecting everything as soon as he can detect a single flaw in the ancient writings. The defect of each is the same, and may be summed up in their incapacity to understand the difference of the times, and their failure to seize what constitutes the essence of popular tradition."

But with Renan's own vigilant perception, h must have been more amused than his friends at an illustration of the origin of popular tradition which is cited in this volume. many explosions of wrath," says the author, which greeted the publication of the Vie de Jesus, I remember a story being repeated at the time which amused me much. It was said, I know not whether truly or falsely, that the cleray of Genoa, anxious to deprecate the unger of Heaven, had proclaimed a Triduo. peasantry from all the country round flocked into the city, for they said, 'It is the Triduo of St. There really, by the way, was a St. Renan, of whom his distinguished namesake gives an edifying account in the 'Souvenirs.' He was an old gentleman, very powerful, but very irascible, and when he died his neighbors were sorely puzzled what to do about his funeral. If they de a mistake, it might go badly with them, for he was not given to stick at trifles They assembled accordingly, and held a consultation, when some vir pictate gravis had the happy idea of proposing that the bier should be put on an exeart and that the exen should be allowed to himself should be confused with a saint was ex- and indemonstrable that his highest knowledge actly such an accident as must have occurred consists in a direction rather than a goal, an over and over again in actique times, according effort than an achievement, a perpetual struggle to his interpretation of history.

It is rare that a man of deep learning is also

a brilliant and resourceful man of letters. This sophical formulae is one of the most sulient phe-double expertness in Renau appears to have been nemena of the Renaussance. It is perhaps, due

a cause of astonishment to Mommsen, who perhaps to the fact that so much of what was written by sometimes cherishes toward those who have merely the gift of expression. But, if the youthful environment of Renan be taken into consideration, it will be seen that he did not have as much to learn as another might have had in order to speak and write with racy originality. He had had his feet to ground, if one may so express it. Nature herself is apt to teach genius the best use of language. It was learning that furnished the means by which genius was to work. It directed his efforts upon certain lines. 'Later in life," says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "he thought that if he had devoted himself to biology he might in some ways have anticipated Darwin," Wherever he had gone for his material his literary method could not have been other than it was. But, as matters stand, the world could ill afford to exchange the historian of Israel for another rival to Darwin. Renan in natural science would have had little or no advantage over others. His insight would have been largely an acquired faculty. But in dealing with primitive life he dealt with something which was necessarily part of himself. The methods which he was trained were also those traditionally fit for one born as he was. centuries past a gifted youth in his situation would have taken practically the same course. There is, then, nothing eccentric in his literary history to invalidate his claim to be studied on the merits of what he has written.

The method adopted by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff is extremely simple. The bulk of his work is an analysis, which some may find useful, of Renan's various writings. The chronological they were issued. These fragments of literary review are connected by a narrative in which versations with his friend or with others. Many extracts are given from Renan's own writings, and some of the letters which he or his wife wrote to the author. There will probably be some difference of opinion as to the utility of leaving all these passages in the original French. Those familiar with the language could have found the original easily enough. The frequent alternation from English to French makes anything like a flowing narrative impossible, and it must be added that the author's English suffers sadly by of Pico was colored, by lofty spiritual yearnings; the incessant comparison which the reader is forced to make between it and Renan's French.

ITALIAN FREE THOUGHT.

THE ADOLESCENCE OF MODERN PHI-LOSOPHY.

THE SKEPTICS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. Ry John Owen, Rector of East Anstey, Devon. Octavo. Pp. xix, 420, xxxvl. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan &

European thought lay dormant in the Middle Ages. In the Renaissance, say from the prime of Dante on the threshold of the fourteenth century to the death of Bruno on the eve of the seventeenth, it was reanfmated and projected an incalculable distance along the lines upon which modern culture is still seeking answers to the problems of philosophy. An estimate of the value of the Renaissance is useless which does not distinguish what was local and related to the time alone from that which endures in the texture of the present century by virtue of a vitality which is essentially a universal possession. It is necessary to carelearning, as a rule, have been environed from fully draw a distinction between the positive and the relative value of a work like the "Morgante Maggiore," for example. For what are we inof man by an effort, and the effort is often debted to Pulci? For a fine and precious work wofully unsuccessful. Renan had no need to of art or for a rivulet of energy lesing itself in divest himself of artificiality. He was born naked. the great stream that rose among the heights of the "Divina Commedia," and flowed in ever increasing volume across the European plain until cloth. Intimate as he was by his own nature its flood beat down the bulwarks of the papacy this book says respecting Renan's parentage: of any product of the Renaissance implies critishe brought to the management of the family a those causes is to approach them through analysis Owen's volume is interesting because it disengages some of the representative figures of the Renaissance, and in the course of a wide and acute survey of their works stimulates thought on the period of fermentation out of which they arese.

Dante, with whom Mr. Owen begins his inquiry, is not, of course, to be described as rising from the Renaissance movement. But he prefigures and is linked to the Renaissance in ways that set his profound mediaevalism at nought. In him, beneath the theology of his time, there

The precarious balance of the free-thinkers of Helen M. Knowlton in The Philadelphia Inquirer. the R naissance is partially explained by their adolescence, partially by their unfamiliarity with ratiocinative methods of thought De Quir ev has a phrase which may be made to bear upon their condition. No man can be a great thinker, he says, who is not a great student. Tetrarch, Boccaccio, Pomponazzi and Bruno were students of enormous industry, but the crudition of the Renaissance needed to be more catholic than it was and to be digested before it could be productive of perfectly sound r-sults. Of Mr. Owen's This was done; ther free-thinkers only one, Machiavelli, was possessed there the saint was buried, never to trouble any compelled to say that "the truth he himself should be confused with a saint with a saint was buried. That he finally obtains by his idealism is so for the saint was buried. than a definite crowning victory." This absence of symmetrical and scientifically deduced philo-

felt the contempt which the profound scholar the philosophers of the time was primarily argumentative, iconoclastic, and concerned tacitly at least with the negation of prevailing beliefs, of dogmas prescribed by the church. It is easy to say that the burthen of Machiavelli's political writings is anything but a controversy with the papacy-much as he detested the latter and delighted in satirizing it-and in the case of a transcendentalist like Bruno it is clear that the wings of philosophy often carried the thinker to a sphere in which contemporary ecclesiastical questions ceased to be a factor of any great consequence in the problem. The tendency, even among the Popes themselves and among such familiars of theirs as the scholarly Hembo, was to separate philosophy from religion and to face the proposition that there might be two sources of truth. As long as religion was left undisturbed in its dominion by the speculations of philosophy the Inquisition was content to let the disputants of the Universities go on with their harangues. But it is not alone the death of such a man as Bruno or Vanini at the stake which points to a conflict between the free-thought of the philosophers and the narrow teaching and worse practice of the church. From the beginning one of the elements of humanism that are more than merely conjectural is a revolt against the papacy. It was a revolt provoked in great measure by the myriad evils of sacerdotalism. These prepared the way for the freer criticism of dogma. In itself the schism of 1378 was a terrific blow to the prestige of the Holy See. The spectacle of pontiffs, each claiming a primacy and an infallibility which by their nature could not be divided, might have undermined belief and given order of these is fixed largely in the author's an impetus to free-thought in a far less cynical mind by the fact that his acquaintance with age than the Renaissance. How much more sub-Renan led the latter to send him the books as a combination of circumstances have been when the structure of each court was honeycombed the author relates the substance of many con- with vice! It is an open question as to which was the greater Pabylon, Avignon or Rome.

It is an indication of the lack of penetration which characterized the Renaissance, in the midst of the Emperor Paul, and within a year of his wedof the learning so zealously cultivated, that men ding day was appointed Ambassador to the Venetian neglected to find the point of departure of the Republic. He was also a good and kind-hearted man, Roman Catholicism of that day from primitive having a desire to make his wife happy. But there Christianity, or rather that they did not snatch the | was no more remance in his composition than in that kernel of the religion from the defiling shroud of one of his own monjiks, and it did not take Mme. whose speculations were colored, as the Platonism and from Petrarch to Vanini the aim of every serious thinker was truth. Yet the tone of the Ambassador's secretary, fell in love with her and Remaissance was not that of Pico della Mirandola. might have provided them, but, fortunately, he was an but that of Boccaccio or Peggio, even in Pico's time. Perhaps the "Decameron" or the "Fa- the course of a year or so, his chief was transferred cetiae" is a safer guide to the essence of the move- to the Embassy at Copenhagen, and Mme. de ment which finally gave birth to so idealistic a Krodener began to excite the admiration of the Danish thinker as Bruno than any one of the rarefied court, he concluded that jealousy of her followers thinker as Bruno than any one of the latter himself. What the Renaismight tempt him too far, and he resigned his post in prepared by his widow, will soon be published. Sir treatises of the latter himself. The resigning a letter to the Ambanador, which also conferred his. It hard's diaries and private journals have been sance hungered for was liberty. The prodigious a letter to the Amhacador, which also conferred hi. sance numbered for was neerly. The productions and love. M. de Krudener's action was characteristically generously used in making up the two large volumes license of Pergio or Becanccio; and this license, pussion, with the difference that in the book he this will be in the rebound, nourished free thought. In brief, perishes of a broken heart, whereas in life he met no Dahomey." Poegio's spirit of freedom, of audacious interro- such achappy fate. It also opened her eyes to new possibilities. Up to this time the continuous gavety of her life had been harmless enough. M. de brings us close to the real significance of the men whom Mr. Owen discusses. The achievement of the coffin of his deposite harmless. The major of her weapons, "drove the first nail into these who watch—usually with little hope—for poetry the coffin of his deposite harmless." The major of her watch as a possible of her weapons, "drove the first nail into these who watch—usually with little hope—for poetry whom Mr. Owen discusses. The achievement of the comin of his domestic happiness." The native them all, to repeat his words, "consists in a differing tion rather than a goal," if we except the poetry she hated the tedious formalities of court life, and better title: of Petrarch, the literary style of Boscaccio, and although her leveliners and intelligence gave her a the statecraft of Machiavelli. It is for this rea-son that, now that they have served their purpose, ferred more unconventional pleasures than these books like the "Decameron" or the "Facetiae" are yielded by official seciety. The climax of her next. The spot is Stafford. Representatives from all quarian investigation.

The service of the leaders of the Repaissance to civilization was that they maintained a continual state of intellectual friction, that they rendered state of intellectual friction, that they rendered impossible the repetition of such stagnation as her husband she travelled about Europe and scandalized and the like objects, are all occupied with the that of mediaeval scholasticism. The reaction observers, new and then, of the independence of her tive figure of "the first Enousparte." One Partsian was sometimes carried too far, and we know that actions. and bore the Reformation to firm ground? The answer to this appears simple enough until we perceive the difficulty of identifying the nature of Pulci's genius, until we recollect that criticism of any product of the Renaissance implies criti
to except from the theta tituded that it tended the proposition of the same and attitudes.

Some place and which the testimony product and the testimony and the testimony product of the testimony and the testimony product and the testimony and the testimony product and the testimony and th for generations to the life of the sea. He owned a small vessel, and supported his family by his industry, but he was a Breton of the Bretons, full of their dreamy, unpractical fantasies, and thirty years of searching" he found himself no nearer to a satisfactory explanation of the causes of the Renaissance than at the earliest stage of of the Renaissance than at the earliest stage of his investigations. The most we can do with those causes is to approach them through analysis of the men of the great era of expansion, and by striking an average of the glimpses obtained in this way draw some approximate conclusions. Mr. at Toulouse nineteen years after Bruno was infinite pains and complacency and even descended more than thirty volumes, not counting his magazine burned at Rome. His title to the last word, how-ever, is a title of chronology merely; and Mr. graph which Mr. Ford quotes from M. Eynard's ever, is a title of chronology merely; and Mr.

Owen would have given his work a more felicitious termination had be either introduced Vanini before Eramo or paused upon the consummation of the Nolan's meteoric career. The pantheism of Vanini is interesting, but it fades before the splender of Bruno's solution of the secret of the splender of Bruno's solution of the secret of the infinite. It is the splender of Bruno's speculation which lifts him above his predecessors. Guesciardini, to whose piety Mr. Owen especially refers, had ethical sinew, and so had Pomnonazi, for the new novel, thus includes from M. Eynard's bloggaphy of the author:

During several days she made the round of the midionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for shows, all a la Valerie.

The shopkespers were selected with a politic desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Morrower the larty world sate prefent to recognize the article she had asked for all knowledge of the article, Mass, de krudener would sall grade the round of the midionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for the wholespers were selected with a politic desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Morrower the larty world asked for all the middle the article she had asked for all knowledge of the article she had asked for all knowledge of the author:

Owen would have given his work a more felicities.

During several days she made the round of the midionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for the shopke openities of the shopke openities of the midionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for the shops, incognito, asking sometimes for the shops and the round of the midionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for the shops and the round of the midionable shops, incognito, asking him, beneath the theology of his time, there throbs the mysterious impulse, the clusive energy which was to prove the vital spark in the revival of learning that Petrarch inaugurated with such power. Petrarch was properly the founder throbs them such power. Petrarch was properly the founder to the founder of the founder throbs them such power. Petrarch was properly the founder to the founder throbs them shows piets Mr. Owen especially reclaimed to the mysterious properly them for their inconverse, which lifts him above his present as the same properly them for their inconverse, and so had Pomponized, the lifts him above his present as the same gradient property of the actions, of the actions, which are the same gradients and properly them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them all knowledge of the actions, of the mine of them for them for

Helen M. Knowiton in The Philadelphia Inquirer.

I had engaged a little room in what was known as "Celia Thaxter's cottage" at Appledore; but on my arrival I found that Mr. Whittler had been "moved by the spirit" to make a few days' visit at this delectable summer resort, relying on the kindness of friends to find him a quiet corner. It was my privilege to give up my room to him, and Mrs. Thaxter kindly welcomed me to hers.

Both poet and poetess were early risers, and Mrs. Thaxter would come breezily into the parlor in white morning gown, bringing a wealth of blossoms and vines from her garden. Mr. Whittler would be sitting on the sofa, absorbed in the last new poet, whose fledgling was sure to be found upon Mrs. Thaxter's table.

One morning she appeared with her hands full of ariet popules, of unusual size and hue.

"Aren't these superb!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," was Mr. Whittler's quiet response. "But by do you gather them!"

"Because they are so spiendid. Did you ever see the agergoous red!"

"Red!" exclaimed Mr. Whittler: "do you ever see.

"Because they are so splendia. Did you ever see such a gorgoots red f"
"Red?" exclaimed Mr. Whittier; "do you call that red? To me the flowers seem rather gray; only a little brighter than the leaves."

And then we realized that the poet was color-blind, and that perhaps accounted in part for those wondrous introspective eyes. If the world looked "gray" to him, no wonder he gazed within and saw visions which were in part denied to his outward eye. Possibly his Quaker life and traditions were in part responsible.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MME, DE KRUDE. NER. By Clarence Ford. Octavo, pp., xv² 322. London: A. and C. Black. New-York: Macmillan & Co. In the face of difficulties calculated to prevent a really just criticism of her career, Mr. For I has witt-ten a life of the Baroness d. Krudener which 4s equally sympathetic and importial. She figures in the history of European society first as a "mondaine" of the st frivolous type and then as a modern St. Eliza beth. The contrast between her earlier and later years is no greater than might be found in a thousand Valeries and the religious adviser of Alexander I was possessed of a character which is not to be cor-rectly deciphered by the light of familiar conversions. She was as unique in her way as Madame Guyon was in hers. With the latter gifted apostle of quietistic mysticism the Mme, de Krudener of the first quarter of this century had considerable in prior to her regeneration in 1805 and, for that matter, even after she had deliberately dedicated herself to religious life, she justified her claim upon the interest of posterity chiefly by the exercise of a remarkable personal charm. In her wit, her beauty, her grace and originality resided her power to make an impreston upon her contemporaries. Without undervalving her beneficent influence upon the Emperor of Russia and many others, high and low; without denying the good effect of her charitable and evangelistic campaigns, it may be said that it is still her charm which inspites carlosity as to the events of her life. The religious zealot left no permanent mark. The woman survives. Mme, de Krudener was born in 1764, at Rica, in the Russian province of Livonia. Her father, M. de Wietinghoff, was a business man and politician of

KRUDENER.

note, and when she emerged from her school-girl period It was to enter, by natural right, the best society of her native town. In her nineteenth year she made what must be considered a brilliant marriage. Her husband, Baron de Krudener, was wealthy, a favorite which it was enveloped. There were men de Krudener long to taste disappointment and to be inten cly bored. She herse f was of an ardent, remantiand sentimental temperament, and would gladly have spared some of her husband's dignities for the sake of a few passages of poetical heroics. M. de Stakleff, the honorable man and disguised his feelings. But when, in so much unpleasant lumber for any but anti-quarian investigation.

So much unpleasant lumber for any but anti-quarian investigation.

So much unpleasant lumber for any but anti-separated her from her husband. Nothing in her making. career, however, could dampen the enthusiasm of the Institutable world for this vain and selfish beauty. She was an incarnation of dilatoriness at a time

such proof. Person's mappingly the foundaries of humanism. To him was, that the stream the classical literates, and throught this potent is the renewal of paran averagative and the stimulation of free thought. It what continued is a stream of paran averagative and the stimulation of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is that in his way he poof of the Brankstere is the stand of the poof of the Brankstere is the thereby giving a new turn to her vanity, is a question

> the miserles inflicted upon the lower classes by Napoleon's wars. As time went on she saw, as all Europe saw, that the Emperor of Russia was destined sprinkled, and of which the meaning is not obscure." to lead the ailies in their combined movement against the French conquerer. It was to be expected that she should desire to see borne in upon her monarch the sense that from a divine source alone he could receive power to lift the yoke from the necks of those whose sufferings moved her so prefoundly. As a patriot and as a Christian she thirsted to set the Czar in the right path. She wished him to triumpin, and she was convinced that he would not do so without faith in God. By corresponding with her friend Mile. Stourdza, lady-in-waiting to the Empress, she succeeded in awakening the Emprey's press, she succeeded in awakening the Emprey's curiosity. The latter had witnessed with horror the outcome of the French campaign in Russia. The congress of Vienna and the prominence it gave him deepened his feelings of responsibility, and upon the astounding return of Napoleon from Elba he was in to lead the allies in their combined movement against

a condition of anxiety which only a spiritual crisis AN INTERESTING WOMAN. could have allayed. At this moment Mme. de THE METAMORPHOSIS OF MADAME DE his quarters at Hellbronn, where he had paused on his way to the army at Heidelberg, she saw him alone, and after charging him with his sins exhorted him to turn to God. The attempt was daring, but It was made at a happy moment, and Alexander ac-cepted with tears of shame and gratitude the admonitions of his self-elected guide. At his request she followed him to Heldelberg, and later, after Waterloo, to Paris. At his different head. quarters, but most of all in the French capital, he and Mme. de Krudener spent hours in prayer and in study of the Scriptures. His conscience, if not in her keeping, was at any rate endeavoring to recognize the rules which she expounded, and it was not sur-prising that by all the diplomats in Paris as well as by society in general his devotion to her was regarded other cases of worldly ambilion succeeded by repentance and spiritual exaltation. But the author of the cases of the famous review of the Russian the occasion of the famous review of the Rus Army on the Plaines de Vertus in September, 1815, the Emperor de-ired her presence and henored her, in the words of Sainte-Beuve, "as an ambassadress from Heaven." In the same month fluence bere its most significant fruit in the drafting of the Holy Alliance. There is no reason to believe that Mme, de Krudener was directly responsible for the production of that remarkable document. The inon and the execution of the scheme were due to the Emperor himself. But it was her teaching that led him to a spiritual life and which was rewarded at last stone to her career as far as celebrity was concerned. The Emperor left Paris in the same year, absence from her the effect of her inspiration soon were off, and from this time until her death, Mme, de Kiudener wandered over Germany, Switzerland and Ru s.a. helping the peasantry and preaching. She was neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic, but preached a Christianity derived partially from each Church and from the Moravians, to whom she owed her first glimpses of the truth. It was tinged by a mysticism which she drew to some extent from the writings of Mme. Guyon, and in much greater measure from her own emotional, romantic and imcept that repentance and virtue are sufficient for salva-The condition of the countries in which she carried on her evangelical labors, drew crowds of suffering men and women about her and she did them good. The good did not live after her. She was a tran-lent phenomenon. Yet her life is well worth

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James Ford Rhodes's history of the United States between 1850 and 1885 is to be a much more certains and imposing work than its author had original the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often inally intended it to be. The valuable volumes al ready in print set a pace which he has been compelled to follow, and the work will probably fill eight volumes when complete. The Civil War will occupy two of

The biography of the late Sir Richard Eurton

The Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts, is about to publish a new book of verse under the title of "songs of the Common Day," Mr. Roberts has more

English angling clubs are to attend this merry-

There is just now a revival of the Napoleon craze In Paris, and authors, playwrights and the makers Without of bronze souvenirs in the But she denced bewitchingly. She was nesenting Napoleon in different aspects and attitudes.

volume of Mr. B. F. Stevens's "Fac stanles of Manu-scripts in European Archives relating to America, 1770 *3." This correspondence is addressed to the Counte de Vergennes, and extends from February. 1779, to April, 1782. This volume is the seventeenth

The book on the life and philosophy of A. Bronson have been preparing, has been framed from material derived from biographical papers left by Alcott

woman, visiting the siek, improving the condition of the poor as far as she could, and preaching the poor as far as she could, and preaching Christianity wherever possible, in season and out of season. Whether, however, she became with malice aforethought the mentor of Alexander I and sought to direct her ambition through political channels.

The (London) spectator "says: "To taunt those the condition of the co who are not of Ibsen's following with stupidity because which has caused difference of opinion.

The facts, as Mr. Ford has marshalled them, go to prove her disinterestedness. One consequence of her religious fervor was a painfully acute realization of the provings alone, and devote their defence to those they cannot fathom a meaning upon which his fol-

ICELAND.

A COUNTRY BETTER THAN ITS NAME.

Reports of distress in Iceland are again current. and are again coupled with a rumor that the entire population of the island will presently emigrate in a body to some portion of the North American Continent. The former reports are probably only too true. For a number of years the prosperity of the ancient province has been waning. There has been a succession of unfavorable seasons, and the fisheries have not been as productly as of old. Then, too, many of the strong and lusty young men have emigrated, reducing seriously the working force of the community. The population of the island has for some time been decreasing. Still there are nearly 70,000 people remaining, and there is not on the surface of the globe a more intensely loyal and patriotic people. They are really Chauvinistic. They will not for a moment concele that any other land can compare with theirs in attractiveness.

Iceland, in fact, is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies. It is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. It is not nearly so cold as many places in the United States, not to mention the Canadian Dominion. The fifty and sixty degrees below zero by this act of spiritualized politics. It set the cap- registered every winter in the Northwest Territory and Assinibola, and even the thirty-five and forty below, experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota, are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the other extreme felt, of great heat, such as these very regions of North America endure. No Icelander knows what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes. The climate is remarkably counble. A variation of thirty decrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. The climate is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles, namely, aginative nature. She formulated no philosophy ex- the Gulf Stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, and secures it a mild winter and a balmy summer. There are glaciers in the island, of course, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice, in floes or bergs, ever seen, save on rare occasions on the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast, and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears are also someoccur in them. In fact, most of the thunderstorms in Iceland are in the winter months.

Agriculturally, however, the climate of Iceland is less favorable than that of Manitoba. The summer is cooler, and vegetation therefore matures less rapidly. For that reason it is impossible to grow any grain there, save a species of oats. Corn, wheat and rye are out of the question. The conelasticity of their actual life demanded for men a wider latitude of thought, and certainly induced a much greater flexibility of conscience than they were permitted under the benumbing attended to the plot of "Valerie," the clever nevel of being used in this edition. The first two volumes, seen. The chief garden are also limited.

Tometoes and pumpkins, for example, cannot be all the author's manuscript, corrections and notes arown: nor are fruit trees and grape vines to be all the author's manuscript, corrections and notes arown: nor are fruit trees and grape vines to be all the author's manuscript, corrections and notes arown: nor are fruit trees and grape vines to be all the author's manuscript, corrections and notes are potatoes, and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of this work. Lady Burton is also bringing out a mimaginative. Tometoes and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. The provided two results are potatoes, and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. Tometoes and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. The provided two results are potatoes, and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. To be showed the letter to bis wife, uniform memorial edition of her husband's writings.

The chief garden products are potatoes, and pumpkins, for example, cannot be also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of this work. Lady Burton is also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of this work. Lady Burton is also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of this work. Lady Burton is also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of this work. Lady Burton is also bringing out a mimaginative. Blandly, and with confidence in her of the work and the providence in her of the work and the providence in her of the work and the work and the providenc tents of the veretable garden are also limited. mosphere of mediaevalism. They found, it may sentiment which was brought out nearly twenty years containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higriange to sentiment which was brought out nearly twenty years containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higriange to containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and the containing "A Personal Narrative of a Higgs and beight of ten or twelve feet. But the chief crop is grass. The moist climate favors its growth, and the island is thus abundantly supplied with both pasture and meadow lands. steat flocks of horned sheep and herds of cattle and ponies, of all of which great numbers are annually exported to Scotland and elsewhere. Fish wool, tallow, feathers, sulphur, eider down and shark oil are also important items of foreign trade.

An important industry of the island nowadays is the entertainment of summer tourists, who leave a great deal of money behind them, and, by accustoming the islanders to intercourse with the outer world, help to rub ad their angularities, and to moderate the Chauvinism which, though a most barmless characteristic of the natives, has done not a little to retard the progress of one of the kindliest and most cultivated races on the face of the earth. The majority of the tourists do not, however, go much further than Reykjavik, and from there to the Geysers and back again. It is this part of Iceland, says a recent writer in "The don Standard," which is most familiar to Englishmen, who form the bulk of the visitors, and it is from the people in this southern district that fereigners form their opinion of the folk at large. In reality, the Icelanders as a whole are better camples there seen. They may not in other parts of the island speak English with such audacity, or be hail-fellows-well-met, as in the main street of the little capital. But in almost any part of the inhabited districts the courteous visitor, especially if he possess a little Danish, may find the utmost hospitality, and less eagerness to make the most out of him than the presence of the foreigner has so rapidly developed in simple-minded Scandinavia. Even if the "reiser" is ignorant of Danish or Icelandic, which is the eld form of Norse, he will seldom be reduced to the language of signs. A "Kandidat," fresh from Reykjavik College, or, it may be, from the University of Copenhagen, will talk to him in Latin, unless he may have grown too rusty to keep up & conversation in any dead tongue, or, thanks to the conservatism of our public schools, he pronounces the ancient speech so strangely that he is forced to converse for an evening in the "praestegaard" by exchanging remarks with his host in writing.

Icriand has always been a land of learned men and to this day erudite Icelanders may be found farnished by his daughter, Mrs. Pratt. Matter has also been drawn from hitherto unpublished papers of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau. Without at all presumers and Mr. Thoreau. Without at all presumers and to this day crudite fectamers and to this day crudite fectamers.

From The Springfield Republican.

'The taking of the houses on the east side of the state-house for the costly State-house Park is really the first move for the occupation of this part of Beacon Hill for State and city purposes, and if would have been resisted by many old Bostonians had they waked up to what was going on in time to make what we call here in Boston a demonstration. The mext assault will be upon the buildings in the square beyond on Reacon-st, toward Somerset, to clear the way for the new city hall. This cannot be made this year of course, but it will be begon bright and early next season, and with a vigorous pash if the rapid transit commissioners provided for in the bills at last before the House should determine on the se-called aley route for an elevated railroid, which cuts through aley route for an elevated railroid, which cuts through the present city hall. All those changes about to begin or proposed, involving the reconstruction of valuable sections of the older part of the town, disturb and distress many citizens, as I have before said. These are citizens, too, who are fully alive to the interest of the city, neither "sentimentalists" nor old fogies. But they are in the minority and they cannot check the onward movement. The prevailing opinion appears to be that reconstruction and enlargement must come sooner or later, and that now, when well-digested plans are suggested and we are prosperous, is the time to begin the work. Many also are especially taken with the idea of a grand sweep of public buildings on the hill, composed of the new State-house, city hall and court-house, with open spaces between them, that they may be displayed to From The Springfield Republican.